

## Maybe I Just Want You Near

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## Maybe I Just Want You Near

by [crabnap](#)

### Summary

“I didn’t get your mattress from *Amazon*, George, we have essentially the same ones.”

“Yeah, keyword essentially. Yours is literally, like, a hundred times better.”

Dream turns to look at him, propping his chin up on his hand. “Are you sure it’s not just because my bed has me in it?”

George stares at him for a moment, going slightly pink, then scoffs. “You’re an idiot.”

In which George and Sapnap’s rooms are way too close together, and George remedies this fact in the only way he knows how.

### Notes

omg hello long time no see!!!

i am kind of rusty in the writing department and this turned out a good bit worse than i hoped it would,, but i'm still gonna post it because i miss posting LMAO. i hope you have fun reading, i literally couldn't help myself the moment i found out george and sapnap share a wall and an ac unit i was already opening google docs. i hope this at least somewhat resembles what we all collectively imagined when we heard that news

i missed you guys, i hope you're doing well, and i'll see you in the end note! <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It comes up as more of a joke than anything.

“It’s just so *annoying*,” George is saying, pushing his hair away from his forehead with the same hand that’s holding his cereal spoon. “Like— I’ll be trying to sleep, right? And I’m nearly asleep, a dream is starting to form in my mind, and then there’ll be some loud noise from whatever Sapnap’s watching on his TV and it wakes me all the way up again. His TV is literally, like— okay, if my head is here, and this is the wall, his TV is literally *here*.” He points to a spot right on the other side of the imaginary wall. “It just sucks. I’m gonna have to, like, sleep on the couch or something.”

Dream scoffs. “Okay— you are not going to sleep on the *couch*, George.”

“I might have to! I basically can’t fall asleep until Sapnap does.”

“But there are other beds in the house,” Dream says, which he thinks is a perfectly reasonable statement, but George is raising his eyebrows in his *you are an idiot* way. “I mean— we have like, three guest bedrooms that you could use, not counting the bed in my office.”

“Or the bed in *your room*,” George says, smirking, which makes Dream have to fight against rolling his eyes because he knows George has already picked up on the fact that he does that when he’s flustered.

“I mean, yeah.” Dream shrugs, like George is just further proving his point. “We have a lot of beds. It would be dumb for you to sleep on the couch.”

“Huh,” George says, then takes a bite of his cereal. “Okay. I’ll keep that in mind.”

They go back to looking at their phones, and Dream doesn’t think anything of it.

Until, three days later, Dream is woken up by the sound of his door slowly creaking open.

He blinks blearily into the darkness, trying to figure out what’s going on, but before his mind can process anything there’s a person flopping onto his mattress, jostling him, and a slight breeze smelling of George’s orange shampoo hits him square in the face.

“George?” Dream rumbles, his mouth all numb from sleep.

“Sapnap’s TV was loud,” George says.

Still booting up, Dream struggles to find the connection between that and George’s current presence in his bed. He settles for an eloquent, “Mm.”

George seems to take that as permission, because moments later the blankets are lifting up and he’s getting all cozy on the right side of Dream’s bed, stealing the pillow that Dream likes to roll over onto when his gets too hot.

“Go back to sleep,” George whispers in his stupid way that’s actually louder than his normal voice, the sound of movement getting quieter as he finds a comfortable position.

Too tired to argue, Dream does.

George isn’t there when he wakes up the next morning, and he finds himself wondering if he had dreamt the whole thing.

It had certainly felt real, even though he had been too groggy to make much sense of it at the time, and the right side of the bed looks slept in in a way that it normally doesn’t, but maybe Dream’s just going crazy.

He goes downstairs to eat breakfast, and George is at the table with his cereal like he always is, and he’s not acting any different. Which means that Dream imagined the whole thing. It’s not the weirdest dream he’s had, but it certainly throws him off balance a little bit.

He really starts to worry when it happens *again*, only two nights later, the same dream and the same absence of proof the next morning.

“Hey,” he says to Sapnap in front of the pantry, “have you ever had a weird dream that comes back a few nights later?”

Sapnap looks at him like he just spoke in pig Latin. “What?”

“Like— you have this really realistic dream and then two nights later you have the same dream again?”

“Dude, I don’t want to hear about your sex dreams—“

“No! That is not— *what*? That is not what I’m talking about.”

“What are we talking about?” George walks into the room, his hair wet and curling from the shower.

“Dream’s weird dreams,” Sapnap says.

George snorts. “Dream dream. Hah.”

“Whatever, forget I asked,” Dream says, getting a carton of eggs from the fridge and subconsciously pulling out the milk for George as well.

Sapnap sits at the table with his feet propped up in George’s chair. “Gladly.”

Dream is startled that night when he's sitting up late in bed scrolling through tiktoks and George comes right in and gets under the covers next to him.

"George?"

"Move over, you're hogging the bed."

Is Dream somehow asleep already and he doesn't know it? He pinches his arm—nope, definitely awake. *What the hell?*

George pushes at his side with a grumpy noise. "Move, idiot."

Still in shock, Dream scoots over until he's given George half the bed.

George sighs and nuzzles down into the pillows. "Better."

Dream looks at him for a moment, the content smile on his lips and his dark eyelashes brushing his cheeks and his hair smooshed against the pillow case, and then he comes to his senses. "George, what are you doing here?"

George doesn't even open his eyes. "Sapnap made the AC too cold and he refuses to turn it down. It's literally winter in my room. Also, he's on the phone with Karl and I want to sleep."

"Okay, but I'm on my phone too," Dream says, holding it up to show the tiktok he has paused despite the fact that George isn't looking. "You wouldn't be able to sleep much better in here."

Unperturbed, George shrugs. "You could put in earbuds."

Dream is absolutely baffled by this logic. "Wh— I guess I *could*, but—"

He tries to finish the sentence, but he finds that he's stumped. How do you explain something that's so simple a five year old could figure it out?

"I think you should." George readjusts the pillow under his head. Finally, he blinks his eyes open. "By the way, what were those weird dreams you and Sapnap were talking about?"

Dream's phone screen turns off in his hand. He drops it to the mattress next to him. "Nothing. I've just been having strange dreams recently."

"Like what?"

"Uh...I don't remember." Wow, nice one Dream. "I just wake up and I have this feeling like my dreams were really weird."

"Huh." George brings a hand out from under the covers to rub at his nose. It's more endearing than it should be. "Well, you haven't been thrashing around in your sleep or anything, at least I haven't noticed it. I think the demon that possessed you at TwitchCon is leaving you alone now."

"That's good," Dream says mildly, trying to keep his heart rate in check.

'*At least I haven't noticed it.*' Which means that George has been sleeping in his bed this whole time — two nights in a row, now — and Dream isn't freaking out about this news at all. Nope, not even a little bit.

"Can you turn off the lamp?" George asks, closing his eyes again. "I want to sleep."

It takes Dream a moment to decide if he wants to just tell George to leave, but in the end he reaches over to the lamp on his bedside table and switches it off. George lets out a happy little sigh.

“Goodnight.”

Dream slides down the headboard until he’s lying next to him, wondering how on earth he ended up here. “Night, George.”

The minutes pass in agonizing slowness, George’s breaths evening out while Dream is tense as a live wire. He doesn’t know how to do this now that it’s real, now that George is actually sneaking into his bed at night and sleeping right next to him.

He turns over, needing to get some of the energy out of his body. This has to mean something, right? Unless it doesn’t, unless George just wants a quiet place to sleep and he’s deemed Dream’s bed the comfiest. But if he likes Dream’s bed so much, why doesn’t he just ask to switch rooms? He’s cutting his bed space in half by sleeping next to Dream, which can’t be ideal with how much he likes to spread out.

Dream flips over again. It’s just not adding up, it’s-

“Why are you moving around so much, idiot?” George mumbles.

He freezes. A long moment passes before he realizes he needs to give an answer. “I can’t sleep.”

“Mm.” George fumbles around for a moment. His hand bumps into Dream’s arm and chest until he finds his face, touching fingers to his forehead and pressing gently. “Here.”

Dream just stares at the darkness where George’s hand must be for a moment, his breath rebounding softly. He doesn’t dare to move. “What are you doing?”

“Transferring my sleep to you.” George presses a little firmer for emphasis.

“I don’t think that’s how sleep works, George.”

“No, s’fine, don’t worry.” And then he’s making little circles, easing the tension out of Dream’s brow like magic.

Dream is rendered mute for almost an entire minute. “Is it weird that this is kind of working?” he asks, George’s fingers moving in a rhythm that his pulse slows to match.

“S’like USB.” George thumbs over his eyebrow. “Instant data transfer.”

Dream scoffs gently. “Even half asleep, you’re still such a nerd.”

“Yeah, well, you’re still an idiot. So.”

If Dream had a response, it’s instantly destroyed by George’s fingers moving lower to brush over his eyelids and the tops of his cheeks. He’s so gentle like this, his touch almost reading as adoration, feeling the shape of Dream’s under-eye again and again like he’s trying to map it.

Dream drifts helplessly towards unconsciousness, George’s hand eventually falling to rest limp against his cheek.

When he wakes up the next morning, the memory of it burns like he’s been branded.

George is in his bed again, for the third night in a row.

Dream isn't sure George even went to his own room to begin with. He just walked right in wearing the same clothes he'd worn all day — which are close enough to pajamas that Dream isn't sure he can use that as evidence — and barely sent Dream a smile before he was burrowing under the covers.

At this point, Dream is starting to get a little annoyed. Does George think he can just take over his room? Like, yeah, he got some of the best sleep he's ever had last night after George started massaging his forehead, but he still deserves to have his own space.

"George, you do realize that this is still *my* room, right?"

George peers up at him, covers tucked under his chin. "Yeah."

"Are you gonna sleep in your own bed at all? I feel like you're, like, moving in here."

George huffs. "Okay, well, my room is practically unlivable at this point. Like, it's way too cold, and Sapnap is always doing something, and I can't roll over in bed or anything without him hearing me. I feel like I can't be alone in there."

"And you can be alone in here?" Dream asks, incredulous.

"Well— obviously not. But it's better in here. It's warm, and the lighting is nice in the morning, and it's just better. It's more homey."

"Yeah, but it's still *my* room. I need to have a place that's mine."

"You have your office," George says, like it's a perfectly reasonable compromise.

"George."

"Dream, just let me stay." George looks up at him then with *that* expression on his face, the one that says *give me what I want*. "It's fine. You're getting the same amount of sleep, right? I don't see why me being here is such a big deal."

"It's not a—" Dream half steps into the trap, then doubles back. "Is this not weird to you? Don't you want your own bed?"

"No," George says simply. "I like it here."

Dream lets out a frustrated breath. This is turning into one of their arguments that goes nowhere, that he can keep pushing and pushing but it just ends up going in circles. He doesn't know how the shy, quiet George he met back when they were teenagers has morphed over the years into the most stubborn man he knows. It kind of makes him warm on the inside, to have known every person George has been and to be with him now, all these years later. He pushes that aside, because what the fuck. Why is he getting all sentimental when he's trying to kick George out of his room.

"I just think it's dumb that you want to sleep in my room over any of the other rooms we have," Dream says, "all of which are essentially ready to live in, you just have to move your stuff over and get some sheets from the closet."

George groans and throws an arm over his face. "That's so much *work*, though." He rolls onto his side, his head near Dream's hip. "Plus, it's like, really far away. The guest rooms are all the way on the other side of the house."

“I mean, yeah, but—“

“No buts.” George bumps the side of Dream’s leg with his fist and closes his eyes. “I came in here to sleep, not to argue. Let’s just stop talking about it.”

Dream gapes at him for a moment, then laughs in shock. “You are actually unbelievable, you know that?” He wishes he didn’t sound so fond saying it.

George hums a sigh and cuddles down into his pillow, his knuckles still soft against the fabric of Dream’s sweatpants. “Yeah, whatever.”

Dream scoffs, watching his features relax, how he seems to be perfectly content even with the bedside lamp still on and Dream sitting right here staring at him. He looks beautiful like this, which isn’t new, but something about the soft smile on his face and the way he looks so at ease, completely unguarded, almost knocks the wind out of Dream’s lungs.

George pushes at his leg again, eyes still closed. “Let me stay, Dream.”

And Dream has never thought of himself as weak, but something about George just knocks him down to his most defenseless. He sighs, turns the light out, and lies down without saying a word.

His forearm bumps against George’s still outstretched hand.

George doesn’t pull away. “Goodnight,” he says, sounding extremely pleased.

Dream pretends it doesn’t melt his insides completely. “Goodnight.”

And so, it becomes a routine. Around midnight, when Dream is getting tired of scrolling through his phone in bed, George walks in yawning and burrows down right next to him. Sometimes, when the three of them have been up late watching a movie in the home theater, George will follow him straight to his room.

It’s a bit concerning, especially because it’s clear now that Dream has lost the argument completely, but if he’s honest with himself, he’s kind of grown attached to it.

He barely pays attention to the tiktoks he scrolls through as the hour gets later and later, more focused on the closed door to his room, glancing over repeatedly and waiting for George to open it. When it gets close to 1am and George still isn’t there, Dream even starts to worry a little bit.

He doesn’t know what the hell has come over him, but he’s started to crave the closeness. They don’t exactly cuddle, but there’s usually a part of him somewhere that’s touching a part of George somewhere, even if it’s small, and just having him close enough to feel his body heat has turned out to be incredibly comforting. Dream wants it all the time. He has half a mind to ask George to sit in his room when he’s watching a show or going on his phone at night instead of just showing up when it’s time to sleep. That would be kind of crazy, though, so he doesn’t.

Surprisingly, it doesn’t come up in conversation with Sapnap until a couple weeks later.

“You know,” Sapnap says, still chewing a bite of pizza, “I think I overreacted with the noise thing. I haven’t heard George talking from his room in, like, weeks or something.”

George scoffs. “Yeah, that’s because I don’t sleep there anymore.”

“What? Where do you sleep then?”

“In Dream’s room,” George says, taking a sip of apple juice.

Sapnap’s eyebrows fly into his hairline. “*What?*”

*Oh, god.* Dream fights the urge to put his head in his hands. “Not like that, Sapnap.”

“What *else* would it be like?”

George sighs, picking tomatoes off his pizza that he *specifically ordered with tomatoes*, and takes a big bite before responding. “I literally have no other choice. You keep the—“

“George, finish chewing before you speak,” Dream says.

“No, fuck you. Anyways, you make it way too cold and you have the TV on at full volume until, like, two in the morning or something. I’m literally forced to sleep in Dream’s room.”

Sapnap looks at him like he just grew two heads. “That’s *actually* ridiculous, why didn’t you just ask me to turn it down? I would’ve turned it down.”

“You would *not* have turned it down, I asked if I could change the AC and you said if I touched it you would put my head down the toilet.”

“Wh— *Sapnap!*” Dream admonishes, but Sapnap waves him off.

“I was *joking*, you idiot, I wasn’t actually gonna do it. Seriously, I’ll put the AC up a few degrees and turn off the TV earlier. I don’t wanna make it so you can’t sleep in your own room, George.”

George, for some reason, looks more disappointed than pleased. “Good. Thank you.”

“No problem.”

Dream looks down at his slice of pizza and finds that he’s not very hungry anymore. Does this mean that George will be going back to his room now? Will Dream have to be alone again? The thought should be relieving, but all he can think about is how cold he’s gonna be without George’s foot bumping into his shin as he falls asleep, and how quiet it will be without their little pre-sleep conversations, and *fuck* — how much he’s gonna miss having George in his bed every night.

He’s so screwed.

It’s barely ten minutes past midnight and Dream already doesn’t know how he’s going to do this. It’s so dumb, literally one of the most embarrassing things he’s ever felt, but he’s thinking about the lonely night ahead and he just has this pit in his stomach like he’s never gonna make it through. He’s so used to George’s little face peeking out from under the covers, the sound of his breathing, the scent of his shampoo and the toothpaste on his breath and whatever it is that makes him smell like *George*. It’s almost unbearable, lying in his empty bed and knowing that he might never get that again.

Time passes nauseatingly slow. Dream watches an old episode of *Breaking Bad* on his phone, then another, then turns all the lights off and tries to sleep with his eyes firmly shut. Subconsciously, he’s rolled onto the side of his body that usually faces George, and it makes him want to scream a little bit.

He reaches out with a frown and touches the mattress where George would sleep, running his palm up and down the sheets and across the pillow that still holds the imprint of his head. It still smells like him when Dream buries his face in the fabric. He stays there for an embarrassingly long time, suffocating just a little bit, until he goes nose blind to the scent and flips onto his back with a groan.

This is so fucking stupid. He shouldn't need George to sleep, he's gone his whole life sleeping without him and had no problem. He was literally trying to get George *out* of his bed two or three weeks ago. He just needs to suck it up and stop being an idiot.

It's fine. He can get to sleep fine. Some nights it just takes a little longer than others, and that has nothing to do with George. He just didn't do a whole lot today, so he didn't get the chance to tire himself out. That's all it is.

But the longer Dream lays there, the more he feels like the only thing that would make him feel better is George's fingers on his forehead, rubbing soft circles to ease the tense muscles between his eyebrows. And not just George's hands, but George's whole presence, preferably in his arms, which is a new thought but not entirely surprising — not entirely new, actually, if he's really honest with himself. There's just something about George late at night, when he's in his baggy sleep clothes and his hair is all messy and his skin is unnaturally warm when Dream happens to feel it, something that makes Dream want to wrap him up until he consumes him.

Maybe that's not a very friendly thought. He doesn't know. He's never been very good at differentiating those, not since he realized he's not straight and that a lot of the friendships he had as a kid were not quite friendships. He just knows that he needs George here, right now, to the point where he doesn't even care what it means.

He's a breath away from getting up and marching to George's room, thin walls be damned, when his door finally and miraculously creaks open.

Dream can't believe his eyes. George's silhouette slips into his room, closes the door behind him, and quietly starts easing his way into Dream's bed.

"You came," Dream whispers, which is the most idiotic thing he could have chosen to say, but he's too shocked and relieved to check himself.

George freezes. "Shit, you're awake?"

"I couldn't sleep."

George sits cautiously on the mattress. "Me neither."

"Was Sapnap keeping you up?" Dream asks.

George hesitates a moment before responding. "No."

Dream watches him, trying and failing to make out his expression in the dark. He swallows. "I missed you," he says softly, trying to make it sound more like a joke than it is. He doesn't think he's very successful.

George lets out a breath that's part laugh, part something like relief. Dream can see the way his shoulders drop against the slight contrast of the room behind him. "I did too, actually. Is that weird?"

"Yeah," Dream says. He wonders if George can hear him grinning. "But I just said the same thing, so. I can't really judge you."

“Hm. I guess you can’t.”

They’re both silent for a moment, at a standstill.

“Are you gonna lay down?” Dream finally asks.

George is in motion immediately. “Yeah.”

“Nice.” Wow, what an amazing choice of words. Dream should really get a job writing speeches, or something. Jesus Christ.

They’re on their sides now, facing each other, and Dream doesn’t really know how much space is between them but he knows that George’s orange shampoo has bypassed his nose and taken up residence in his brain, and that their feet are touching, and that he’s warm. It’s almost perfect.

“Hey, George?” he asks, like an idiot, like a man who might be falling in love.

“Mm?”

“Can you come here, maybe?”

“Come here?”

“Yeah, like,” Dream reaches out and finds his shoulder, “over here.”

“Oh.” George is quiet for a beat. “Yeah.”

Dream’s heart restarts. “Yeah?”

George scoots forward until Dream can feel his hair tickling his chin, hands patting his chest and then reaching around to cling to him like a big warm koala.

All of the muscles in Dream’s body relax instantly as his arms engulf George’s shoulders, holding him close, their legs getting mixed up under the covers and George’s nose pushing into the side of Dream’s neck. He’s never felt anything like it, this full-body euphoria, the heat of George’s skin seeping into him like a steaming shower. George’s hair is close enough to bury his face in, and he does, and George laughs a little and Dream can feel it puff across his collarbones.

“You’re such an idiot,” George mumbles, and he can feel that too.

“You’re a bigger idiot,” he says, tingles shooting up his spine and out to his fingertips.

“Mm, no.” And then George moves his face just a little bit to press a quick kiss to the skin over Dream’s collarbone, and Dream’s heart trips so hard that he actually dies on the spot.

“George,” he says, because he has no other words.

“Dream.”

Dream just squeezes him in response.

“I’m actually never leaving now, by the way,” George says, poking Dream’s spine. “You’re never getting rid of me.”

“Good,” Dream says.

“Good?”

“Yeah. I like having you here.”

George squirms a little, clearly pleased. “Alright, I guess it’s settled then.”

“You’re so stupid— why are you saying it like it’s a business deal?”

“Because it is a business deal,” George says. “I’m buying out this space in your bed. Contractually.”

He’s drawing little circles on Dream’s back with the tip of his finger, and it’s making Dream giddy.

“Okay, then I have conditions.”

“Fine. What are your conditions?”

“We have to cuddle every night.”

George lets out a choked breath, burying his face in Dream’s shoulder. “You’re such an idiot.”

“Do you not agree to the conditions?”

“No, I don’t. What if one of us is sick?”

Dream tries not to freak out over the fact that that’s George’s only concern with cuddling him every night. “Then we’ll nurse each other back to health, obviously.”

George presses impossibly closer. “Ew.”

“Oh, come on, don’t act like you wouldn’t be all whiny and needy if you were sick right now. I know you, George.”

“Whiny and needy, Dream?”

“Wh— okay, shut up. I didn’t— I obviously didn’t mean it like that.”

“Yeah, okay, idiot.”

Dream readjusts their legs to wrap his calf around George’s ankle. George sighs into his neck.

“Go to sleep, idiot,” Dream whispers. “It’s probably late as fuck right now.”

“Yeah.” George yawns. “It was almost 3 when I left my room.”

“Jesus.”

George squirms a little, finds a place for his lower arm tucked between their stomachs. “So our contract is signed?”

Dream scoffs. “Yeah, it’s signed. My lawyers will follow up in a week or two.”

“Sounds good,” George says, his words starting to slur.

After a moment of hesitation, Dream cranes his neck to kiss the closest part of him he can reach, which happens to be right under the outer corner of his eye. He can feel George’s eyelashes flutter on his lips. “Goodnight, George.”

George puffs out a breath when he falls back into place. “Goodnight, Dream.”

The next morning, George is still beside him.

It’s surprising. In all the nights they’ve slept together, George has always been up before him. He had just assumed that George was an early riser and didn’t want to disturb him.

And it seems he’s right about the first part, because when he gains enough bodily awareness, he realizes that George is stroking lazy fingers through his hair. His breathing is even and soft from somewhere above Dream, making swirling patterns across his scalp, and Dream can hear the barely-there swipe of George’s thumb on his phone screen. Weird, Dream doesn’t remember George bringing his phone in with him.

Dream nudges his head up, finding George’s face bathed in the soft light coming through his window. “G’morning.”

George looks down at him and pulls his earbuds out. “Morning, idiot.”

The phone George is holding has his case on it. “Hey, is that my phone?”

“Yeah. Your Tiktok is trash by the way — why do you have so much Dream SMP stuff? I swear I’ve seen ten thirst edits of me in the past five minutes.”

Dream feels himself go red. “Okay, that’s— *that’s* a lie. There’s no way you’ve seen *that* many edits of yourself in five minutes. And why is getting our content a bad thing? I like seeing what the fans make.”

“Okay, maybe it was five. But still, a highly disproportionate amount. And it’s not *bad*, I guess, it’s just not interesting. You don’t get any of the good viral trends.”

“Oh, I’m *so sorry* I’m depriving you of your Charli D’Amelio dancing content, my bad.”

George pushes his face away, hand still tangled in his hair. “Oh my god, you’re an idiot. Nevermind.”

Dream settles back down on his chest, because that’s where he was sleeping — *on George’s chest*. “You sleep okay?”

George hums. “Yeah, really good. Your bed is, like, magical or something. I can’t believe you gave me and Sapnap the cheap Amazon mattresses and kept the luxury one for yourself.”

“I didn’t get your mattress from *Amazon*, George, we have essentially the same ones.”

“Yeah, keyword essentially. Yours is literally, like, a hundred times better.”

Dream turns to look at him, propping his chin up on his hand. “Are you sure it’s not just because my bed has me in it?”

George stares at him for a moment, going slightly pink, then scoffs. “You’re an idiot.”

“You’ve called me that three times this morning,” Dream says, grinning, knowing that he’s got him.

“Fine, then. You’re silly.” George scrunches his nose and tilts his mouth to the side when he says

it, making that weird expression that he can't stop doing since he spent far too many days with Karl at TwitchCon. "You're a very silly boy."

Dream rolls his eyes, and he's blushing, goddamnit. "Okay, that's just stupid."

"You like it though," George says, eyes lighting up.

"I do *not*."

"You do." George prods at his shoulders. "C'mon, silly, it's time to get up. I'm hungry."

Dream glares at him, clearly not seeming very threatening by the way George grins, but he drags himself out of bed and trudges to the ensuite bathroom to brush his teeth. He's a little surprised when George follows him in, and even more surprised when George opens a drawer and pulls out a toothbrush. *How long has that been in there?*

"Give me some." George holds out his toothbrush for Dream's toothpaste, which he's currently squeezing onto his own toothbrush, and he lets out a shocked little laugh before complying.

"I wondered why it seemed like my toothpaste was being used up faster than normal."

George sticks his toothbrush in his mouth and speaks around it. "You must have a toothpaste goblin that's been stealing it or something. Weird."

"Yeah," Dream says, looking at him, "it seems like I do."

George flips him off and keeps brushing his teeth. Dream laughs, putting his toothbrush in his mouth as well, and it's incredibly domestic when he looks at the two of them standing in the mirror. They're both just brushing their teeth, using opposite hands like two halves of an ink blot, their unused arms brushing in the space between them. George catches his eye in the mirror and raises his eyebrows. Dream spits white froth into the sink and winks.

When they've both rinsed their mouths and wiped them on the backs of their hands, George reaches out and kisses him.

It's so sudden that Dream doesn't process it for multiple seconds, during which time George has already pulled away and taken a step back. He stares, dumb, trying to put all the sensory information together, trying to figure out if his mouth is tingling from the toothpaste or from George's lips.

"Uh," George says, fidgeting with his hands, "sorry, I just—"

And it clicks in Dream's head that George is nervous. Nervous because of him. Nervous because he just *kissed Dream in the middle of his bathroom* and Dream didn't react in any way. Holy shit.

Before he can finish his sentence, Dream is stepping into his space and kissing him with everything he has. His hands come up to cup both sides of George's face, his momentum pushing George back against the counter, and he swears he sees fireworks when George inhales a hitched little breath and kisses him back like his life depends on it.

Their mouths are both cold from the minty toothpaste but it doesn't matter, they've always had a way of creating their own heat. George sneaks his hands under Dream's shirt, feeling his back, and when Dream's lips part he licks his way into his mouth and steals the breath straight out of his lungs. Dream's hands latch themselves to the back of George's neck, pulling him in to kiss him deeper, and George's arms circle his waist under his shirt like he's claiming him.

It's hot, and intense, but it's the sweetness that really makes Dream's head spin. George kisses him mean, but his fingers rub gentle circles into his ribs like he's touching something delicate. George bites down on his lip, but then he slows his movements and turns his mouth soft and giving as he soothes the indentations left by his teeth. It's dizzying. Dream has never been kissed like this before, in a way that's constantly surprising him and forcing him to pay attention. He finds that he never wants to stop.

Eventually, though, they run out of air and have to separate to take deep, panting breaths. George's arms are still around his waist, soft and secure, and Dream lets his wrists fall limp over George's shoulders.

George laughs a little between breaths, sending Dream a blinding smile. His lips are bright pink and shining, kiss-swollen, and if Dream wasn't still gasping for air he would lean right back in and devour him.

"You had me worried for a second there," George says, eyes practically sparkling when he reaches up to touch Dream's jaw.

"Yeah, you surprised me. Why did you kiss me right then, out of the blue?"

George looks down and grimaces a little. "Well, I wanted to do it earlier, but I was worried my mouth would taste bad. So I was waiting until we had brushed our teeth."

Dream stares at him for a few seconds, feeling like the world has just flipped a switch, like everything has just been made ten times brighter. "Seriously?"

"Yeah."

Dream laughs up at the ceiling in utter awe. "Oh my god. You are such an idiot."

George looks at him. "What? How am I an idiot? I feel like that's a perfectly reasonable worry to have."

"George," Dream says, holding his face, the name coming out so incredibly fond, "I wouldn't have cared if your mouth tasted bad. I literally could not give less of a shit. If you were kissing me, I would not care."

George watches him, his composure steadily cracking as he sees nothing but sincerity in Dream's eyes, his cheeks going red and a smile fighting its way across his face. "Idiot."

Dream can't help but lean in and give George a happy kiss, both of them smiling, everything so sweet he thinks he could break from it. He pulls back an inch and looks George in the eye.

With their faces still close, George's voice drops an octave. "Silly."

"I'm adding this to the contract," Dream says. "Get in touch with your lawyers immediately."

George laughs, all crackly and bright and perfect, his face scrunching up from the force of it. "Oh my god, okay. I'll call them right now."

"Thank you."

"You're so dumb."

"You love it."

“Hm,” George says, curling his fingers into the hair at the nape of Dream’s neck. It’s more of an admission than if he’d just said ‘yes.’ “Can we go eat breakfast now? I’m starving.”

“I thought *you* were breakfast,” Dream says, kissing his cheek.

George swats him away, but his face is all pink. “Shut up. Come on, you’re making me pancakes for what you put me through.”

Dream scoffs, following him out of the bathroom. “What have I put you through?”

“Bad jokes, mostly, but also a heart attack when I kissed you and you just stared at me like a zombie.”

Dream catches his wrist and pulls him in close. “Not my fault. I’m still sorry though.”

“Shut up, I hate you.” George puts a hand on his chest and pushes him away. “C’mon, pancakes, chop chop.”

Dream shakes his head. “Fine, whatever you want.”

George grins back at him as he walks out the door. “That’s right. Come on.”

The pancakes turn out really fucking good, if he’s honest, and it’s even more impressive since he had to do the whole thing with George distracting him at every possible moment and stealing all the chocolate chips.

He only gets a minute of peace when Sapnap is lured to the kitchen by the smell of syrup, making George tone down his clinginess just a little bit, but Dream finds that he misses it almost immediately. He goes over to where George is sitting on the counter, backing into the space between his knees, and he cranes his head and pouts when George doesn’t immediately start playing with his hair.

“My hands are sticky, baby,” George whispers to him, shaking his head and smiling.

Dream pretends the pet name doesn’t make him blow a fuse.

“Are these pancakes for everyone?” Sapnap asks, eyeing up the plate on the island with a fork already in hand.

“Y—“

“Nope,” George interrupts, licking his thumb, “they’re just for me. All of them.”

Dream scoffs. “George is being an idiot. Of course they’re for everyone, Sapnap. Please have some, I made a bunch.”

“Thanks, Dream!” Sapnap flips George off.

George pokes Dream in the cheek with a sticky finger.

“Ew, you weren’t joking when you said your fingers are sticky. It’s on my face now.”

“What, you want me to lick it off?” George asks.

Dream raises his eyebrows. "Is that your plan?"

George shrugs. "Maybe."

Sapnap clears his throat from across the room, and Dream and George both turn to him. "So, I'm assuming George didn't sleep in his own bed last night?"

Dream's face goes hot.

George stabs a big bite of pancake with his fork and shoves it in his mouth. "Nope."

"George," Dream flicks his knee, "why do you put food in your mouth *before* you speak?"

Sapnap nods. "Great, I'm turning the temperature in our rooms back down, then. I'm happy for you guys, you know."

George gives two thumbs up, chewing diligently.

Dream smiles, feeling impossibly light. "Thanks, Sap. We appreciate it."

"Yeah. Just don't have sex in George's room, that's all I ask."

Dream almost chokes on his own spit.

George just cackles.

## End Notes

hi hi hi how are u did u enjoy pls tell me everything

i've seriously missed posting on here so much, i know it's literally been a month or something and i'm being dramatic but it feels like so much has happened since then.  
DREAM TEAM MEETUP!!! i have a fic in the works that's kind of just a big stew of all the things i felt right when the face reveal and meetup happened but it's not finished yet and i wrote this so fast i was literally possessed. so we're going a little out of order. please know that i have like four or five fics in the works right now that i've been juggling and have just not had the wherewithal to finish any of them and it is quite silly. what i'm trying to say here is that the writing is still happening!! and these fics will get finished some time (hopefully soon) and then they will be put into this little website and sent right into your hands! so don't worry. i've got many more gay little stories to come.

anyways pls say hi in the comments and leave kudos if you enjoyed i love talking to you guys :DDD i love u all very much and i will be back soon, have no fear! hopefully by then i will have stopped being shit at writing i'm very sorry about that again but we must persevere. see you all soon!! <3 :D

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